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# MOTHER EARTH

**Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature**

**Published Every 15th of the Month**

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

**Vol. III** **MAY, 1908** **No. 3**

## ANARCHY

By JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

*Ever reviled, accursed, ne'er understood,*
*Thou art the grisly terror of our age.*
*"Wreck of all order," cry the multitude,*
*"Art thou, and war, and murder's endless rage."*
*O, let them cry. To them that ne'er have striven*
*The truth that lies behind a word to find,*
*To them the word's right meaning was not given.*
*They shall continue blind among the blind.*
*But thou, o word, so clear, so strong, so pure,*
*That sayest all which I for goal have taken,*
*I give thee to the future!—Thine secure*
*When each at last unto himself shall waken.*
*Comes it in sunshine? In the tempest's thrill?*
*I cannot tell . . . but it the earth shall see!*
*I am an Anarchist! Wherefore I will*
*Not rule, and also ruled I will not be!*

# OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE Anarchist is the enemy of humanity, the enemy of all mankind, and his is a deeper degree of criminality than any other.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

WITH the crowd of commonplace chatterers we are already past praying for; no reproach is too bitter for us, no epithet too insulting. Public speakers on social and political subjects find that abuse of Anarchists is an unfailing passport to popular favor. Every conceivable crime is laid to our charge, and opinion, too indolent to learn the truth, is easily persuaded that Anarchy is but another name for wickedness and chaos.

—*Elisée Reclus.*

I AM glad to see that the terror at disunion and Anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic days, had no government, was an Anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor, and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THAT which indeed distinguishes Jesus from the agitators of his time and from those of all ages, is his perfect idealism. Jesus, in some respects, is an Anarchist, for he has no idea of civil government. This government seems to him purely and simply an abuse.

—*Ernest Renan.*

* * *

SELIG Silverstein. An idealist of peculiar tenderness of soul. A man of the deepest kindliness of nature. As such his sisters speak of him. Many incidents of his life prove their words. To mention but two:

Selig passes a countryman on the street, clad in mere rags. He invites the man to his room, takes off his own newly bought clothes and shoes, gives them to the stranger, and himself dresses in the cast-off suit. His relatives call his action "meshugge" (crazy).

Selig's friend, a peddler, is given to abusing his horse. Often Selig remonstrates with him, but in vain. At last the half-starved animal falls dead under a heavy load.

Selig publicly upbraids the driver for his brutality to the poor horse. The peddler's friends thrash him soundly for it. But Selig's love for the dumb is not beaten.

Thus the sisters remember the dead.

* * *

WE do not sit in judgment. We refuse to damn or condemn. We wish to learn. To learn causes, to understand motives. Therefore we ourselves are condemned. Condemned by the Philistines of heart and brain. Moralists, study the psyche of a Silverstein.

A Vaillant, a Henry, an Etièvant left us their impressions, true *documents humain.* They clarify the imperative logic by which the most potential idealists were forced to acts of violence.

They who understand do not condemn.

* * *

THE attitude of the Socialist leaders and editors with regard to Anarchists—at this period of infamous police terrorism—should not escape the notice of every fair-minded man. It were indeed hard to surpass the knavish calumny and wilful misrepresentation of Anarchists and their teachings on the part of our Socialist speakers and writers.

Thus Gold-Mine Wilshire is advertising in the subway cars—after the precept of the Postum man—how he would exterminate Anarchism:

> "We don't deport mosquitoes. We drain the swamps that breed them. Question: How shall we get rid of our Anarchists? Answer: Remove the conditions that create them. Socialism will drain the Anarchist swamp. To know how, read 'Wilshire's.'"

The Milwaukee corruptionist Berger threatens the Anarchists in his *Social Democratic Herald* with lynch law in case of Socialist victory.

A. M. Simons, the shining light of the Chicago *Socialist,* fills the pages of his sheet with denunciations against us and exhausts his vocabulary of filth to calumny our efforts. No lie is low enough to stoop to in the attempt to misrepresent us.

And so *ad infinitum.* All of them, Messrs. Hillquit, Wanhope, O'Neill, Wayland, De Leon, and all the rest of the ilk have joined hands with Roosevelt in Anarchist-killing.

It is indeed surprising that capitalistic society still fails to grasp how closely allied to it are our Socialists, these lickspittles and corruptionists. Just spread a bit the mantle of political patronage over them, and they will soon prove themselves as faithful lackeys and defenders of existing conditions as their European confrères Viviani, Briand, and the rest.

* * *

THE First of May was celebrated in this country by but a small minority of the working people.

"What's the use of stopping work on this day and demonstrating?" the professional politicians ask in a tone of superior wisdom. They neither can nor wish to understand that the First of May is the revolutionary expression of the highest aspirations of the international proletariat: labor's complete emancipation from wage slavery.

When this day was celebrated for the first time, the world was filled with anxious surprise. The ruling powers were quick to perceive that something lay hidden in the depths that "was not dreamed of in their philosophy": the revolutionary deed. Truly, it was a revolutionizing, unheard-of act: labor dared to choose its own holiday and to declare the First of May as the great Proletarian Day, destined to imbue the toilers with the spirit of a new Spring—to live and act through the consciousness of their own supreme power.

But the mis-leaders of labor, fearing a potential Banquo's ghost, hastened to stunt the new growth. They proved faithful allies of the bourgeoisie and succeeded in emasculating the Proletarian Day of all that which gave it significance, stamping upon it a Philistine character. The practice of suspending work on this day has been abandoned, and now only occasional meetings are held on the eve of the day or on—the next Sunday. Some even revolutionize the world's calendar to guard against the revolutionizing of the proletariat: they celebrate the First of May on the last Sunday of April.

'Tis "safe and sane."

* * *

THE May demonstration at Union Square, arranged by the First-of-May Conference, proved a great moral success for the Anarchists.

The Conference, consisting of representatives from various labor organizations, had also invited the Anarchist Federation of New York to participate in the labor day demonstration. The Federation, having accepted the invitation, also contributed its best efforts and some financial assistance to assure the success of the intended demonstration.

The latter took place as scheduled, probably ten thousand men and women marching in line from Rutgers street to Union Square. Everything went lovely till it was the turn of the Federation's chosen speaker, Comrade Alexander Berkman, to address the assembled multitude. It then at once became apparent that the Socialist members of the Conference were determined to suppress our friend, though he was an invited speaker. The majority of the Conference delegates—I. W. W. men—insisted on Berkman's right to speak. The three or four Socialists present, however, tried all possible tricks and subterfuges to prevent our Comrade from taking the floor. They resorted to the basest lies, claiming that the permit for the meeting was issued on condition that Berkman should not be allowed to speak. But the lie was nailed right then and there, the personal representative of the Police Commissioner stating that no such orders were given. At last the Socialists appealed to the police for protection against Comrade Berkman, but as the latter gave no cause for police interference, nothing could be done. The Chief Inspector ruled that the chairman of the meeting had the right to decide whether Berkman should speak. The Socialist chairman, too cowardly to take a decided stand, resorted to the trick of closing the meeting on the pretext of "no more speakers." In vain, however, was his effort. Alexander Berkman immediately came to the front and informed the audience of the fact that there were still four speakers on the list. After Comrade Berkman explained the situation, the audience vociferously demanded that he be permitted to speak, which he did to the great mortification of the Socialists.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

The Socialist attempt to suppress free speech on this occasion proved a miserable failure.

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THE following letter explains itself:

Office of the
CENTRAL FEDERATED UNION OF GREATER NEW YORK AND VICINITY.
(Amalgamated Central Labor Union and Central Labor Federation.)
Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.
University Settlement Building, 184 Eldridge Street.

New York, March 17th, 1908.

Hon. Park Commissioner Smith.

Dear Sir:—I am directed to enter a protest against the granting of any permit, by your Department, for any demonstration to be held by the "Industrial Workers of the World" in our public streets or squares.

Very truly,
ERNEST BOHM, Cor. Sec.

P. S.—Has your board taken any action on the $90 per month proposition? Please address me at No. 210 5th street, N. Y. C.

Comment is hardly necessary. Suffice it to say that if our unions paid somewhat more attention to the true interests of labor, they would be too busy fighting the real enemy to wrangle among themselves. Labor will never become emancipated from wage slavery till it has learned the lesson of solidarity and co-operation of all the toilers against their common foe, the capitalistic system.

* * *

THE *Times* is shedding copious tears over the failure of Police Commissioner Bingham to secure an appropriation of a cool hundred thousand for an Anarchist hunt.

The Honorable "Little Tim," more familiar with the secret workings of police inner circles than the editor by the grace of Belmont-Ryan, knew what he was about when he defeated Bingham's demand for additional funds. Who knows better than Tim that the Commissioner's noble Knights of Thievery already steal enough for an honest living, and that it were too profitable a source of graft to create a secret fund for the manufacture of "Anarchist conspiracies."

It was truly refreshing to hear the splendid rhetoric of the Honorable "Little Tim." Just think of it! Brave old General Bingham was characterized in the aldermanic body as a four-flusher, buncoist, bulldozer, and

bluffer. Evidently our City Fathers know Bingham intimately.

No wonder the *Times* is shedding copious tears.

* * *

A TOUR of an Anarchist agitator bears striking similarity to the Odyssey. Dangers of every kind are threatened by hostile powers; numberless obstacles are to be conquered. But the Anarchist agitator possesses one advantage: Pallas Athene does not strike her enemies with blindness,—rather with stupidity. Thus all their awkward coups prove miserable failures.

Comrade Caminita, at present on a lecture tour, can also relate wondrous stories of his experiences in the camp of the barbarians. Driven from Syracuse, he was dragged, like a wild beast, into an iron cage at Buffalo. Still, all perils merely serve to strengthen the spirit of combat. Life means battle, and the journey goes merrily forward.

* * *

THE American workingman is apparently destined to miss no disappointment: he is now being willingly driven by his leaders into the blind alley of politics. His dissatisfaction with former tactics is to be drowned in the swamp of political corruption. The good fellow will now surely elect the right men to office. Sancta simplicitas!

The dispensers of justice are shrewd business men, well aware of their obligations to the masters. It is only the workingmen who play the rôle of the naïve fool. As soon as one so-called labor law is declared unconstitutional, they immediately become enthused with new phrases, and seek salvation in new laws, better laws, constitutional laws.

The workingman who in spite of past experiences still believes in labor legislation, properly belongs in a museum of antiquities.

* * *

THE falsity of the capitalist press transpires nowhere so strikingly to the initiated as in the news from foreign countries. How wildly sensational sounded the daily reports of Anarchist terrorism at Barcelona, Spain! But how suddenly these reports ceased when it became

known that the originators of the Spanish outrages were *agents provocateurs*, subsidized by the authorities to organize bomb explosions with a view of forcing legislation against the ever-spreading revolutionary propaganda in Spain.

The protests of our sister-organs *Tierra y Libertad*, *El Rebelde*, and *Tramantana* against the police conspiracy were treated with absolute silence by the capitalist press agencies. But popular indignation finally forced the Spanish authorities to bring the conspirators to trial, chief among them Jean Rull, the professional *provocateur*.

Comrade Tarride del Marmol, one of the best-informed men on the Continent as to Spanish conditions, has issued in the independent press of England a detailed statement in reference to the great police conspiracy.

In a few words, the situation is as follows:

In order to combat the militant working class associations in Barcelona and check the propaganda of the Republicans, Catalanists, Anti-Clericals, and other elements antagonistic to the traditional Spanish policy of fattening the priest at the expense of the community, the classic remedy of the government is the suspension of the constitutional guarantees. The chosen method for justifying this reactionary step has always been to cause the commission of outrages by agents paid for that purpose by the government.

This interesting game is not without danger, in the event of one's being discovered in *flagrante delicto*; in Spain, as elsewhere, the separation of powers exists, and the judges occasionally—be it said to their honor—do not trouble themselves to ascertain whether the criminals brought before them have or have not acted on the instigation of the authorities.

The revelations made by the radical press of Spain, especially by *El Progresso* and *La Publicitad*, finally forced the government to bring Jean Rull and his fellow-conspirators to trial, which resulted in the conviction and death sentence of the police agent Rull. Whether the judicial sentence will ever be executed remains to be seen. It may prove a case of a Spanish Orchard.

* * *

# AMERICAN LIBERTY

By H. KELLY.

ATTACKS upon freedom of speech and press follow each other so fast that it passeth understanding that we still have any libertarian publications existing and their supporters at large. It is unusual to have a day pass without hearing that someone has been condemned to prison for one or more years for writing to a friend or client where a certain book may be found, or a publication excluded from the mails because it dared to criticize existing institutions. Sex reformers and Anarchists suffer most from these persecutions, as is natural with extremists, but no one is immune from the wrath of Caesar in these days.

There have been a number of unemployed "riots" and several acts of violence by individuals, it is true, but it seems to have escaped attention that the "riots" were provoked by the police, and that the acts of violence are coincident with every industrial depression. It seems like stating the most obvious of facts to say that deeds of violence, such as we have recently witnessed, find their inception in some social condition or overt act on the part of those in authority.

Obvious or not, most people blink at such facts and can see no remedy but repression, which—after all—is no remedy; it is merely sitting on the safety valve. What a mockery of justice to characterize the demonstrations of the unemployed in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, as riots. People may be ever so peaceful and inoffensive, but there are limits to the patience of hungry men; having tramped the streets for weeks in vain search for work, a number of them decide on a public demonstration to call attention to their condition. Unfortunately for them, demonstrations—except of a pious or patriotic nature—are unpopular. The game of life here as elsewhere has its rules, and must be played accordingly. If a man is so foolish or inefficient as to be caught by an economic crisis, he must either pray to the deity, undersell his fellow man, or petition the legislature. He is usually willing to do all three; but when the deity fails to respond, his fellow man refuses to be undersold, and the legislature adjourns for the summer in April, he

demonstrates—and then the trouble begins. Take the most recent case, that of Union Square, and see where it leads to. The Socialists, claiming two hundred thousand men out of work in New York City, call a meeting to discuss the question and suggest a remedy. The Park Commissioner, with a sagacity that is truly remarkable, refuses a permit to meet in Union Square. The Socialists, with that respect for law and order which characterizes them everywhere, appeal to the courts to enjoin the Park and Police Commissioners against interfering with them, .which appeal is promptly refused. Twenty-five thousand people, unaware of the refusal, assemble in the Square. Two hundred mounted police charge the crowd, batter their heads, and ride them down until the meeting is dispersed. The next step is the throwing of a bomb with results now familiar to the public. Instead of seeking to understand the cause of the trouble and then remedying it, a request is immediately made by Police Commissioner Bingham for a hundred thousand dollars for a secret service fund, to terrorize agitators and unearth "conspiracies." (The Chief's request was fortunately defeated.) Not the least appreciation of the situation; simply an appeal for more force and more graft. The same day that the papers contained columns of reading matter about the Union Square event, a short article appeared on another page, announcing that seventy men had lost their lives in a mine disaster in Wyoming. Later news estimated the deaths at over three hundred. No fuss, no noise, no General Bingham rushing to the Board of Aldermen to ask for an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars to save society by trying to discover means whereby such disasters could be prevented. They are inevitable, we are told: one of the prices we must pay for civilization and industrial supremacy. What a farce to pretend that we object to bomb outrages and unemployed "riots" because of the possible loss of life they may entail. What shrugs of mingled horror and disgust we indulge in when we speak of that aftermath of blood called the "Reign of Terror," where about three thousand aristocrats paid the penalty of centuries of tyranny and oppression. But not a word have we to say about the fact that more than seven hundred and fifty lives were lost in Greater New York *last year* through

acts of violence, and that fifty per cent. more lives were sacrificed in killed and maimed in the United States during 1907 than in the *entire Russo-Japanese war.* And still Moloch cries for more. Senator Hale said in the Senate a few weeks ago that seventy per cent. of the entire revenue of the Federal government was spent on the navy, army, and pension list. In spite of this fact, Roosevelt is trying to browbeat Congress into an appropriation to build four more first-class battleships. By what twist of logic is this arch conspirator against human life and freedom able to hypnotize the nation into believing in the sincerity of his professions, when he raves over the necessity of crushing Anarchists because they are the enemies of *all mankind?*

The New York *Sun* of March 24 devoted considerable space to the subject of the exclusion from the mails of *La Questione Sociale,* an Italian Anarchist paper published at Paterson, N. J., and gave in full what purported to be the President's letter to the Department of Justice on the subject of his order. The following is a quotation:

"Under Section 3893 of the revised statutes, lewd, obscene, and lascivious books and letters, publications for indecent and immoral uses, or of an indecent and immoral nature, and postal cards on which indecent and scurrilous epithets are written or printed, are all excluded from the mails, and provision is made for the fine and imprisonment of those guilty.

"The newspaper article in question (*La Questione Sociale*) advocates murder by dynamite. It specifically advocates the murder of enlisted men of the United States Army and officers of the police force, and the burning of the houses of private citizens. The preaching of murder and assassination is certainly as immoral as the circulation of obscene and lascivious literature, and if the practice is not already forbidden by the law it should be forbidden."

A formidable document that; one calculated to strike terror to the hearts of honest trust magnates and non-grafting police officers. But let us see. Free speech should be *free speech;* the proper way to combat error and demagoguery is by truth and reason, not by the big stick. Liberty is inseparable from licence; those who

wish to enjoy the blessings of freedom can not expect to eat their cake and have it, too, by coercing others. Unfortunately, this view is not widely held; for the bulk of the American people believe in repressing *each other,* and never seem so happy as when they can thrust their standard of morals down the other fellow's throat. That this is so is not open to serious doubt; and if the editor and publishers of *La Questione Sociale* were really guilty of the offenses charged against them by President Roosevelt and the Mayor of Paterson, they would have been railroaded to prison, as their predecessors were to the gallows at Chicago twenty years ago. There can be no reasonable doubt in the minds of thinking people that the violation of constitutional guarantees in this and similar cases will be endorsed and held entirely justifiable by the majority of the people of America; it is even safe to assume that Theodore Roosevelt will gain considerable popularity for his abuse of power. It all depends on who is oppressed. A moment's reflection must inevitably bring the question: If the editor and publishers of *La Questione Sociale* are really guilty of the offenses charged against them, why were they not brought to trial? Instead, they were invited to appear before the Postmaster General at Washington, merely to show cause why their paper should not be denied second-class mail privileges. Indifference to logic is one of the privileges of autocratic power, and as our Caeser has constituted himself moral guardian of the American people, logic is never overworked in his mental calculations. For reasons best known to the President and Mayor of Paterson, they have decided that administrative order is preferable to an open trial, so that there is no chance of an acquittal, and no appeal. The process possesses a simplicity which is charming, and its effectiveness is beyond question. The precedent is sure to be improved upon by their successsors. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," said Jefferson; likewise it is the price of privilege, and as long as the people are content to remain indifferent where the liberty of others is attacked, so long will oppression exist. An appeal to the Siegfrieds of the land to buckle on their armor and sally forth to fight the dragon has been suggested; but as the Siegfrieds are interested chiefly in automobile races and base-ball matches, the suggestion is not in order. Sym-

pathy for human rights and enthusiasm for personal liberty are not vital factors in our social life; on the contrary, they seem as dead as the Single Tax Party.

Nicholas Tchaykovsky, during a conversation regarding the failure of the Russian peasant to rise in rebellion, once said to me: "My dear fellow, there is the famine; people can't fight on empty stomachs." My reply was that they don't seem to fight here on full ones. The "full dinner pail" of recent years was no tangible barrier to the inroads on personal freedom in America. Acts have been committed and are being committed in this country every day that would cost a European sovereign his throne and perhaps his head; yet they cause scarcely a ripple on the surface of our body politic. Roosevelt, with his bombast, petty politics, and utter disregard for the rights of others, represents the true American spirit of invasion. We have to reform some one, and as it is inconvenient and troublesome to reform ourselves, we try it on our neighbor. If in the process we injure him and benefit ourselves, so much the worse for the other fellow and so much the better for us.

It seldom occurs to those who cry about posterity that nations, like individuals, must pay the penalty of their misdeeds, even though retribution is slower; those who do see it are for the most part imbued with the after-me-the-deluge philosophy. That any effective protest will be made against these violations of free speech and free press is extremely doubtful. Aggression always stimulates resistance and makes more rebels, even though some of them are middle-aged; and that is our hope. Light usually reaches the darkest intelligence, even if it comes late, and it is possible that it may enter some of the dullest intellects that extreme views are as necessary in society as moderate ones. One represents ideals unrealized; the other, ideals realized and ready to be discarded. Without the one society must stagnate; without the other it would lack stability. When this idea is appreciated it will be accepted, and a spirit of greater toleration prevail. Meanwhile, we must struggle, be it seemingly ever so futile; for to acquiesce in such violations of human freedom is to lose all sense of dignity, and be a slave in fact as well as in name. That the struggle for freedom

of expression will go on is quite certain, no matter how disconcerting it may be in high quarters. Having survived the rack and thumbscrew, it will outlive even Presidential messages.

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## EN ROUTE

"Angel City," Calif., April 30th, 1908.

IT is quite "angelic" here, indeed, and as angels never do anything but sit at God's throne playing the harp, my friends will have to forbear with me if I, too, am influenced by the local atmosphere.

With Mother Earth so rich, so beautiful and abundant in southern California, one is inclined to forget, at least for a while, the bareness and dreariness of life at large, with its eternal strife and unnecessary struggle.

Even my angel guardians, the police, seem to be imbued with the spirit of restfulness and peace that emanates from nature in this city. At any rate, they have so far let me go my own way, a treat which only he can fully appreciate who has felt their presence as long and persistently as I have.

I stated in my last review that the Chicago "finest" deserve a vote of thanks for the tremendous advertising which their stupidity has given Anarchism and that "most disreputable of all Anarchists, Emma Goldman."

Since I have come to California and have been "entertained" by the San Francisco police, I have decided that our thanks will have to be voted to the authorities of that city instead of to Chicago. As an exhibition of monumental stupidity and absurdity the San Francisco police are deserving of the first prize. True, in Chicago free speech was prohibited, but such action is perfectly consistent with the functions of authority, a fact which many of our lukewarm radicals have yet to learn. All their talk of free speech and their great indignation against the suppression thereof are to my mind nothing but sentimentality. If they truly believed in free speech they could not at the same time stand for the continuance of government. Free speech means either the unlimited right of expression, or nothing at all. The moment any man or set of men can limit speech, it is

no longer free. The Russian Tsar stands for free speech, which means *his right* to say what he pleases. So do also the American Tsars: they have *their rights* of free speech. But the moment you or I claim the same right, law and authority become indignant at such Anarchist impudence. Let all reformers and radicals realize, once for all, that to love liberty means to become lawless, since freedom and law can never harmonize.

There was at least some consistency in the actions of the Chicago authorities, even though they helped our propaganda tremendously. The meetings in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Winnepeg, Salt Lake City, etc., would never have been attended by such vast crowds had it not been for that consistency. The San Francisco authorities, however, can claim neither consistency nor ordinary common sense.

No potentate was ever received with greater deference or hospitality. The Chief himself was there, with his staff, in a large automobile, ready to see me safely to the palace of the Police Department; but as I preferred a hotel, the Chief submitted to the caprice of the sovereign and escorted me to the hotel, placing four detectives at my disposal, who had strict instructions to be close, very close at my side during my stay at San Francisco.

When I changed quarters and went to stop with friends, the Chief placed an additional force at my disposal, two mounted officers, to watch the cottage and neighborhood. However, all this care and devotion could not satisfy the zeal of a true subject like Chief Biggey. His heart craved greater manifestations of loyalty; therefore he spent forty-eight hours preparing a parade in honor of the distinguished visitor, probably hoping that the sovereign would review her "faithfuls." One hundred and fifty officers on horseback, in automobiles, on foot, "police to the right of her, police to the left of her, in back of her, and in front of her"; a light brigade heavy in body and mind, but "ready to charge, ready to risk their lives for duty's sake." They protected every meeting, always watchful lest some harm should befall her majesty. What if these devotees exposed themselves to scorn and ridicule, what if they had to listen, listen for the first time, to a voice so

strange, foreign, and jarring to their delicate ears, and hear the truth, the truth, that hateful thing, that will not be silenced or awed, even by the presence of such a force. They stood their ground, these one hundred and fifty, firmly, unflinchingly, unto the very end.

Deeds of love, of kindness,—great, heroic deeds may go down into oblivion in the history of this country, but the deeds of Chief Biggey and his one hundred and fifty men,—never! In years to come a young and free generation will read the story of how Chief Biggey and his hundred and fifty brave souls helped to spread the ideas which paved the way for a free society.

Life's struggles either kill or strengthen the power of human endurance. I hope I will not appear boastful if I say that the difficulties and obstacles and annoyances of the last ten weeks have not diminished my endurance. I am still on deck. The storm is now raging more fiercely than ever and the waves are competing with each other in their mad rush, but our colors are flying as proud and unyielding as ever.

Friends, we have all reason to rejoice that ignorance, brutality, and viciousness have conspired against the spirit of liberty. They have left nothing undone to break her proud neck. They have hounded us, annoyed us, driven us almost to desperation. In their kindness of heart they have even decided that this is not a safe place for us to live; therefore they are going to deport some of us or keep those out who will venture to these hospitable shores. Yet all their attempts have failed, failed miserably. The voice of truth rings more sonorous, more voluminous than ever; it sounds like an approaching thunder, strong, commanding, threatening. Do you see the convulsive efforts of ignorance and brutality? In vain, in vain! The truth, the truth has conquered!

EMMA GOLDMAN

## IN 'FRISCO

(*Correspondence.*)

AS we passed from the arid regions of Utah and Nevada to the green and verdure of the Sacramento Valley, the contrast was no greater than the cold frigidity of the City of the Saints presented to the mellow warmth and single-hearted enthusiasm of the people of 'Frisco. Comrade Emma Goldman was met by 'Frisco's "finest" and was kept under diligent surveillance during her stay in the city. Order was maintained—there was peace—though not the "peace of Warsaw," for ominous murmurs ran through every grade of her large audiences whenever local matters were touched upon. The meetings were tremendously successful, and a very large amount of Anarchist propaganda was accomplished.

The enthusiasm and effectiveness of the work reached their climax on Sunday, April 26th, at the lecture on "Patriotism." Comrade Emma Goldman was at her best, and had her audiences with her to a man—so fervid, so unified, so unmistakable was this "folk" solidarity (and so superior to the State Socialists' mechanical "class consciousness" nonsense), that for the moment I could not help pity the Chief of Police, and sympathize with him in his reported "fear" of Emma Goldman. The following statement was given out, and I insert it in this report as giving a clearer concept of the local situation than any amount of mere description:

"Miss Emma Goldman has been in the City of San Francisco for over a week, and I note with some concern that the cathedrals are as imposing as ever, that the seismograph has given no indication of another earthquake, that the foundation of Walton's Pavilion is still solid, and that the Police Department is still doing business at the same old stand, though in a slightly subdued style. What was the reason that a culpable and subsidized press took it upon itself to take up the trail of Anarchism with such insidious ferocity, such blatant impudence, such unheard-of mendacity? What was the reason that a reformed Police Department took it upon itself to place two hundred or more of its men at the disposal of Miss Goldman, to watch her every move, annoy her, injure her, and who did not hesitate to break

the law whenever it served its purpose. It cannot be sheer ignorance, though the tremendous advertisement that we are being accorded by the press since the utter routing of the police would indicate that newspaper men deem it 'folly to be wise when ignorance is bliss.' I say 'advertisement' advisedly—for what can be more eloquent than silence, and hasn't Miss Goldman silenced the vituperative onslaughts of yellow journalism to a point where the absence of all mention of her doings is pathetically painful. Miss Goldman was to be driven out, her meetings were to be stopped, her goods confiscated, her associates arrested. This was iterated and and reiterated with a persistence that kept the public constantly on the alert. Then an ominous and continued silence, so deadly, so appalling that the very pavements shriek out frantically to these mental prostitutes that they are liars, defamers, and corrupters. The silence of the press, under the circumstances, speaks louder for the integrity, courage, circumspection, and wisdom of Miss Goldman than all the printing presses that her slender means could put in motion.

"What was the reason that Chief Biggey has dipped into the City Treasury to the tune of $400 per day, in order to keep Miss Goldman under surveillance? I ask why—he is ignorant, but that is to be expected; he is malicious, but that does not explain it; he is stupid, but that doesn't account for it; he was probably looking for 'gravy,' but even that isn't sufficient reason. All these are factors, but they do not touch the kernel. There is a struggle between groups of financiers for the control of the local political situation. I believe it is the Spreckles group that own the Police Department now, and as they find it difficult to show that Ruef and Schmidt are essentially worse than their own crowd, a variation in political campaigning had to be resorted to. What more opportune than to appeal to the sentiment of patriotism, which I think Dr. Johnson defined as the 'last cloak of a scoundrel,' and what more patriotic than to abuse the Anarchists, and what better occasion to do so than on the eve of the arrival of the Pacific Squadron, the most complete, extensive, and efficient outfit of professional man-killers and property destroyers that ever waged war on the Pacific Ocean, in the name of Christ, on a

Heathen Nation. Here you have your real reason. The middle class business man of San Francisco—the meanest creature that ever drew breath—was afraid that his present business will shrink if the agitation carried on by Miss Goldman is not interfered with. The conspiracy failed—the people are not patriotic—they begin to see that all this 'rigged-up' sentiment is a by-play for the purpose of diverting their attention from the operations of Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and the other members of the B. of Th. The present is a 'spasm,' the future a hope, and the 'past the only reality.' It is the business of the present to shed the past of its dead and decaying matter, so as to insure to the future a healthy, growing, germinating organism. Revolution is a 'spasm' in rapid motion. Conservatism is the death knell of the future by loading it with the dead of the past, and the deadest thing in the past is the sentiment of patriotism."

After this introduction Comrade Emma Goldman held her audience so closely, the interest aroused by her was so intense, her hold on the audience so complete that one could not but tremble at the thought that if the given tenseness could but spread and be made permanent the Revolution would be at hand. And yet the result was not that of oratory or rhetoric—the calm, almost unimpassioned delivery came in rounded periods and with sledge-hammer force, and yet it possessed many of the qualities that the precision of logical formula assures in bringing about a telling climax.

The crowning episode, however, took place when Miss Goldman, in receiving the greetings and congratulations of friends after the lecture, found herself face-to-face with a soldier lad in the uniform of the Engineering Corps, who came up to shake hands with her and thank her for the pleasure he experienced in listening to her lecture. The remarkable spectacle affected every one present; it was grand, and the audience rose to the occasion. Someone suggested three cheers for Miss Goldman, and pandemonium reigned just long enough for the Police Department to get its breath.

One of the interesting episodes of the 'Frisco meetings was a debate between Mr. Nathan L. Griest and Comrade Emma Goldman, on the question: "Resolved, that Socialism, and not Anarchism, will solve the Social

Problem." We challenged the Socialists, and so they dictated practically all the conditions of the debate. Never before in my life had I to deal with so much of refined diplomacy as during the subtle negotiations for the consummation of this debate. It was pathetic to watch the Socialists safeguarding themselves against the possible spread of the notion that they were revolutionists in any other sense than Debs's cutting characterization as "mouth-revolutionists" of those who wanted to abandon Haywood. Mr. Griest, though a very estimable gentleman in private life, is only a cart-tail orator, and is the last man I would put up against Emma Goldman. He mistook his cue from his organization and never rose for a single moment to the level of his subject, to say nothing of his inability to rise to the occasion. But while the debate was one-sided and intellectually unsatisfactory (the intellectual bankruptcy of Socialist orators and publicists is a common-place by this time) the attendance was most gratifying. The seating capacity of Walten's Pavilion was taxed to the limit and about 1,500 people were turned away. An attempt to continue the debate had to be abandoned on account of previous engagement of available dates in Los Angeles.

After Comrade Emma Goldman left I arranged a debate with Mr. F. Sibert, on "Democratic Collectivism vs. Anarchistic Freeland." I also delivered three lectures on "The Why, the What, and the How of Anarchism—Its Politics, its Economics, and its Methods."

ALEXANDER HORR.

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SO long as society is founded on injustice, the function of the laws will be to defend and sustain injustice. And the more unjust they are, the more respectable they will seem. Observe also that, being ancient, for the most part, they do not represent altogether present iniquity, but a past iniquity—rougher and more brutal. They are the monuments of barbarous times which have survived to a gentler period.

—*Anatole France.*

# DRIVE OUT THE REDS

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

NO one who is concerned with the reign of law and order in this country can be in any doubt about the meaning of the word "Reds." The Reds are those persons who, by their words and conduct, tend to bring law into contempt, either by demonstrating its utter ineffectiveness to conserve order, by breaking it with impunity, or by open or secret defiance of it. As you very well know, the term is derived from the fact that the Socialists, as well as the Anarchists, use a red flag to symbolize certain ideas. For my own part I do not care much for symbols because I have noticed a tendency on the part of the human animal to forget the ideas for which symbols stand, and to cherish the symbols themselves with a superstitious reverence which would never be accorded to the ideas. The cross is a very good example of the loss of a beautiful idea in a symbol. If I were a Socialist or an Anarchist I would discard the red flag altogether, lest I should come to worship it and make it of more account than the idea that all men are brothers. And in this connection it is interesting to observe the part played by the beautiful American flag in the life of the American people. It used to represent freedom in the minds of all. Now it represents the government. Hearts used to thrill involuntarily at sight of the Stars and Stripes. Now children are taught to worship the flag. Boys are instructed to take off their caps to it.

Rulers, politicians, newspapers, police, capitalists, and clergy do not know that there is any difference between Anarchists and Socialists; nor do they know what constitutes an Anarchist or a Socialist. Consequently they class them together, for convenience, and use the term Reds as a labor-saving device. This is very much as if one were to confuse the words ideal and idea. And this, by the way, suggests the notion that Anarchism may be said to be an ideal and Socialism an idea. As to the red flag I may be wrong, but I would say that it belongs rather to the Socialists than to the Anarchists, since the Socialists have organized themselves into a party with a platform of principles and with a governing body; so that they are in a position to do so definite a thing as appro-

priate to themselves a flag, while the Anarchists have no organization as such and repudiate the authority of anybody to do anything for them, and are consequently unable to adopt a flag or do anything else in the name of Anarchism. In addition to this, the Anarchists are going in one direction, while the Socialists are going in precisely the opposite way. If the red flag belongs to the Socialists, then a gross injustice is done in the use of the word Reds to describe law-breakers, for the Socialists mean to be law-abiders. Whatever their plans, their definite and pronounced intention is to accomplish them by lawful and constitutional methods. There may be individual Socialists who break the laws, just as there are individual Christians who lie and steal and murder. But these persons are not representative and do not give character to the bodies to which they say they belong. At any rate, Socialists are not Reds in the sense of being law-breakers.

Anarchism, as I understand it, is a philosophy of life based on the idea that liberty is essential to man for his best development. The Anarchist believes that force, organized to compel the individual to certain lines of conduct or of thought, is the most evil thing imaginable; therefore he is opposed to force in that sense. Government is organized force, and exists not for the benefit of society, but for the benefit of a few individuals who have gained control of the material necessities of life, and who can maintain that control only by that force which is represented by government. For this reason the Anarchist is opposed to all government. There is no authoritative Anarchism, however, and no one Anarchist can say for another what he believes. It is generally accepted as sound reasoning, nevertheless, that it is logical for the Anarchist to repel force by force. To come to any other conclusion would be to assume that the jelly fish state of being was the most desirable. The more ready I am to repel attack or invasion, the more certain it seems to be that I value and comprehend liberty. But also the more careful I shall be not to infringe upon the equal liberty of my fellow. I cannot comprehend liberty unless I see that others shall be as free from me as I from them. Anarchism is the cult of mind-your-own-business. It is the cult of enlightened egoism. It is the cult of peace on earth, good will to men. It has some resemblance

to sublimated Christianity, but the resemblance is trifling. It is a far finer and higher philosophy, because it is based on belief in man instead of a counterfeit of man. Even the golden rule of Christ, which the Christian calls the most beautiful of precepts, while he frankly says it is impracticable, pales before the profounder precept of the Anarchist. Christ, and Buddha five hundred years before him, say that the rule of life should be to do to others as you would have them do to you. Confucius at about the same time as Buddha had come to practically the same conclusion, only he put it in a more negative way: do nothing to others that you would not have them do to you. The Anarchist rises to heights unimagined by any of them. He says, "Do to others only what they wish you to do." In other and homelier words: Mind your own business. And it is notable that while the Christian looks upon the practice of the golden rule as absurdly impossible, the Anarchist assumes not only that his far higher precept is possible of successful practice, but that man is so constituted that if left free to express himself in freedom from coercion, he will come to it by the simple process of intelligently pursuing happiness. In other words, the Anarchist looks upon his precept as a safe and sure guide to happiness, practicable in all the affairs of life, from the most commonplace to the most exalted; while the Christian looks upon his precept as a sort of drug to administer to the flock while it is being fleeced.

The Anarchist does not believe in the use of force, or violence. His objection to it is that it is impossible to bring about peace through violence; and since he wishes peace above all things, he contemns anything that will retard its coming; hence he objects to violence. Of course, by very reason of his dislike for violence he is able to comprehend acts of violence much better than the person who believes in violence. He knows how to differentiate between offensive and defensive violence; and he sees the importance of explaining any given act of violence, so that the cause of it may be understood, to the end that a similar act may be avoided in the future. The Anarchist, for example, would not be contented to say of the Union Square bomb-thrower, "He did it and therefore he must be executied." On the

contrary, he would say that such an act is so dreadful that it must be accounted for. Let us discover why the bomb-thrower perpetrated the deed, so that we may know how to act intelligently. Let us get rid of the cause of violence whenever we can. Until we examine into the matter, how can we be sure but that the man's act of violence was a mere response to some other still less justifiable act of violence. We must differentiate between acts of violence, else how shall we distinguish between the war which is waged between two nations and the execution in the State's prison How shall we distinguish between the assassin who lurks in the dark to kill and rob, and the passer-by who defends himself and kills the assassin? In short, Anarchism would lead men to investigate violence, but would impel them to refrain from committing it. It would tend to make them say that no violence is justified but that which is necessary to repel invasion; and that even in that case the least that could be used would be for the best.

It is said that there are different kinds of Anarchists. It seems to me a very misleading statement, even if in a sense true. At any rate, all Anarchists must either agree in reprehending violence or they must give up their belief in liberty as the ideal state for man. So far as my knowledge goes, Anarchism always means the negation of violence. I don't see how it can mean anything else. It is true that Anarchists differ in their conceptions of how to make the best use of liberty when they have it. Some Anarchists call themselves Individualists, to differentiate themselves from other Anarchists who call themselves Communists. That is to say that some men believe in competition as conducive to social health, while others believe in co-operation. There are numerous other ways in which Anarchists differ, but all agree that the essence of liberty consists in not interfering with each other; and that, it seems to me, precludes the possibility of any Anarchist believing in violence.

If I am right, then Anarchists may not be called Reds in the sense that the word is used in the papers. Reds are doers of violence, breakers of laws. The term is taken from the color of the flag which is supposed to be dear to both Socialists and Anarchists; but its use is

manifestly based on the notion that Socialists and Anarchists, as such, are doers of violence and breakers of the laws of the country. But it is not true of either Socialists or Anarchists that, as such, they are doers of violence and law-breakers; so the name is misapplied in describing them. That there are men in this country organized to do violence to their fellows and who are law-breakers is true; and as a good citizen I shall point them out to the police and the newspapers and the clergy, so that those hunters of evil and corruption and violence and law-breaking may turn their energies into the right channel.

The Socialists have an economic theory which they are not by any means keeping a secret. Indeed, they are shouting it out on the house-tops and street corners. It is a lucky man, in fact, who can find a place where the busy Socialists are not expounding their new scheme of life. They invite investigation, challenge argument, demand hearing. They believe in the ballot and in political action. Their theories may be very unpleasant to the beneficiaries of the existing system, even when understood, which is seldom; but at any rate they are proceeding regularly and according to law. Those who do not agree with them in their theories may combat them in the good old way provided for by the Constitution. Not being a Socialist I am not thoroughly posted in their affairs, but I am interested enough to read a great deal about them, and I have yet to learn of any case where Socialists have committed the initial act of violence. Men who call themselves Christians may commit crimes, men who call themselves Socialists and Anarchists may do acts of violence; nothing is proven thereby. Many causes are constantly operating to make men do things to which they are theoretically opposed. As a man bitterly opposed to theft may yet, when dying of hunger, steal a loaf of bread. As a man theoretically opposed to violence may conceive himself the victim of violence and give way to his impulse to retaliate. A man, besides being a Christian, may be a soldier; so a man, besides being a Socialist or an Anarchist, may be a revolutionist. The man, as a Christian, may know that it is wrong to kill; and yet, as a soldier, may at the word of a man like himself murder dozens. And the Christian part of the man

always justifies, if it does not exult in, the murders of the soldier. Nevertheless, it is un-Christian to kill. So the Anarchist, believing in peace, may yet be a revolutionist and do deeds of violence. He does them as a revolutionist, however, and never as an Anarchist. One should be careful not to blame a philosophy for the conduct of a believer in the philosophy.

One of the reasons why Anarchism is blamed unjustly is that the word Anarchy has been long used to mean disorder. It is so understood by the great majority of persons,—that same great majority, in fact, which confounds Anarchism with Socialism. It seems a very simple matter to them. They say: "Anarchy means lawlessness and disorder; when one is lawless and disorderly he throws bombs; Socialists and Anarchists are the same; both march to destruction of society under the red flag; hence, drive out the Reds." I have sometimes thought the newspapers knew better and were wickedly and of design maligning Socialists and Anarchists; but since the Union Square affair I have decided that they are entitled to the credit of their ignorance. It is appalling that they should be ignorant, but evidently they are. And I think they wish to be, as a matter of profit. A scape-goat is a good thing; and it is also very convenient to have a good topic of news to fall back on when times are dull, or when too much attention is being paid to the real law-breakers and doers of violence. I think the police, too, are ignorant. Not ignorant merely about Socialism and Anarchism; but just plain ignorant. Perhaps they are chosen for their ignorance. It would seem so. As for the clergy, I must call them either ignorant or vicious; and I don't think they are vicious. It is not so long ago that a clergyman of international fame for eloquence and wisdom told me solemnly that there was no difference between Socialism and Anarchism.

But there are law-breakers and doers of violence in this country, and it would be a blessing if they would leave us and go to a desert island. I suggest the desert island plan because it was mistakenly advocated for Anarchists by a writer in the *Times*. He meant the real Anarchists; the ones who believe in liberty and peace. Only he thought he meant people who believed in lawlessness and violence and disorder. Like the vast ma-

jority of persons, he either used the right word for the wrong people, or the wrong word for the right people. As a matter of fact it would be a terrible thing to take all the real Anarchists out of the country. Such an act would set the country far, far back on the road to true civilization. But if the wrong Anarchists—But no, I won't use that beautful name for so mean a lot. I will call them the Reds. And after this when I say Reds, I shall mean the real law-breakers, the real enemies of society. So I say that if the Reds could be deported to a desert island, it would be a very good thing for the country. I don't know but Russia would be a better place for them, for a while anyhow, so that they might have a little experience in suffering from the violence of others. But the island would afford them the best opportunity for organizing in their own way. To be logical, they would have to elect Rockefeller president. There probably would be only one election; it would be succession or syndicate after that.

I hardly know where to begin in describing the Reds. The law-breakers and the preachers of violence are found everywhere. They show their teeth in Washington, and you can follow their trail through halls of legislation and courts of law all over the country. You cannot take up a paper on any day of the week without finding a record of the vicious activity of these Reds. For example, I read recently that Commissioner Bingham—these Reds have all sorts of titles—in a public speech carefully prepared, had wished forty police captains would die during the night. He not only wished it, but said it out loud and was applauded for saying it. He said it was the only way he could get rid of them. Now, it is all very well to wish such a thing, and I have no doubt a great many persons wish that more than forty of the police were dead; but to think of saying it! And for such a reason as he gave—that they were incompetent or corrupt, but he couldn't catch them at their tricks. He said they were Reds. And he has said before that many of the force were Reds. We know from his own mouth that Inspector Schmittberger is a Red. He said the Constitution didn't go with him. There's a fine law-breaker for you! And he is sworn especially to keep the laws. Our District Attorney is now being examined by order of

the Governor on the charge of being a Red. A few days ago it came out in court that a judge in New York was a Red, inasmuch as he was interested in a firm that did business with the city, which business had to come before him in his judicial capacity. And another judge, now sitting on the bench and trying malefactors, came so near being a Red that he must feel quite pink even yet. He was counsel for and a shareholder in a blackmailing enterprise. And it is common rumor that many of the judges on the bench all over the country are Reds. They owe their places to the sums of money paid by rich corporations for their election expenses—corporations that know they will have cases come before these judges. Such judges are very, very red. The *Evening World* of April 18, in an editorial, repeats a rumor of how certain insurance interests paid sixty-nine thousand dollars to have a certain judge nominated. Only for his nomination, mind you! Imagine what would happen to a man if he encountered the insurance company in question in that red judge's red court-room. Another judge had seventy-two thousand dollars paid for his nomination, according to report. That was rather red, too. And it is said and commonly believed that money will do anything in buying court clerks and jurors and other persons. In fact, some of these things have been proven so many times that no one doubts now that most of the judges and their underlings are Reds. And this is so all over the country. Our courts are objects of suspicion of being red. We know very well that our legislators are mostly Reds. The Constitution of this State says that gambling shall not be permitted; yet a red legislature passed a law giving special gambling privileges to certain Reds, of whom the chief is Belmont. Race track gambling is forbidden by the Constitution, but permitted by law. That looks very red to me. Our Governor—I declare I think he is honest—said that gambling was unconstitutional and tried to have the law repealed; but the Reds were in power in the Senate, and gambling still goes on on the race tracks. Only now they are a little strict and don't allow children to gamble. That means that they did before. When the panic was on and receivers were being appointed for the suspended banks, depositors were making a great fuss trying to get

rid of the receivers, saying—what was well-known to everybody—that if the receivers were made permanent, there would be no money left in the banks. Receivers must be Reds, then, to say nothing of the man who has the appointing of the receivers.

There was a report in the papers the other day that the Federal authorities had rounded up some forty Reds and were going to deport them. I read a few of the names, but could not find Ryan or Belmont or Morgan or Rockefeller or any of the Reds, who, according to the papers, have been so infamously breaking the laws, taking the money of the poor victims who had their savings invested in insurance or in Metropolitan or in any of the other schemes exploited by the little coterie of Reds who have the wealth and the power of the country in their hands, and are using both to corrupt the judiciary, to buy legislatures and all kinds of officials, thus making a mockery of popular government and bringing law into contempt and disrepute. And why were not these Reds on the list of those to be deported? Is it because there is no law by which such Reds can be got rid of? Then why not make a law? Ah! those very Reds are the ones who decide what laws we shall have and they shall break. It really wouldn't make any difference if we could have laws passed to rid the country of the Reds. It is their business to break laws when they don't suit them, and they have all the power in their hands, so that we white people are impotent to do anything. If the property which has been stolen by the Reds is threatened by the people from whom it was stolen, the police or the army are ordered out to protect it; that is, to keep it safely in the hands of the Reds. And speaking of the army reminds me that this country of ours, which is goverened by us for ourselves, spends more money for war purposes each year than any other country in the world. That is rather severe on Anarchists who don't believe in war or violence; but it just suits the Reds, who are breaking the laws so that they may the better exploit the country. It really is very shocking, indeed, to see how the Reds have everything in their own hands, and how they break the laws with impunity. You need only read the paper and listen to the sermons and feel the clubs of the police to realize what a terrible thing it is to break the laws. And

yet these Reds seem to make it the business of their lives to do so. Why, everywhere, in public life and in the business world, it is the same thing: the Reds are in control, breaking laws, looting ralroads and insurance companies, stealing right and left, doing anything and everything to get more power and wealth. When Harriman made that awful Alton steal, he had to have a legalization of it before it would profit him any; so he came to New York and had a legislature pass a bill saying his worthless bonds were a proper investment for savings banks. And Governor Roosevelt signed the bill. It is true that President Roosevelt doesn't speak to Harriman now. Nothing is so bewildering to a true, honest person, like a real Anarchist, as the way the laws are being constantly broken by the Reds, who all the time keep up a cry against law-breakers. There is the President, who is sworn to uphold the Constitution, sending word to the law department of the government that he wished a certain paper to be kept out of the mails. He had no notion of what would be in the numbers not yet issued; but all were to be kept out because he did not like what was in one number. That was unconstitutional, but what did he care? The Constitution doesn't seem to have any weight at all with the Reds. Then the President summarily discharged a whole company of negroes because some of them were suspected of having committed a crime. And he insists that the innocent ones should prove their innocence before he will let them get back into the army. Think of anybody but a law-breaker demanding of a man to prove his innocence in order to escape punishment! But you can't imagine such a thing. It takes a confirmed law-breaker, a dyed-in-the-wool Red to do a thing like that.

Recently the papers have been full of joy over that rounding up of forty persons for deportation, because it had been discovered that they did not believe in government. Of course, I can understand why the Reds, who have control of this country, should not wish any intelligent persons to come into it, because any person with the least intelligence will be sure to see the iniquities that are being practiced; but surely it is pushing matters very far when it is expected of any person, coming from Russia, to be honest and say he believes in government.

On the other hand, of course, any person, particularly any Jew, who does come from Russia believing in government, must be the very material of which easy victims are made. And what the Reds want more than anything else is victims. They must have them. Somebody must keep the laws. It is easy to imagine how, one hundred years ago, Americans would have lined the docks to welcome the refugees of Russia. And if they had been inclined to turn any back from these shores, it would have been those spiritless, stupid ones who could come from such awful oppression and tyranny and say they believed in it. When government manifests itself as the government of Russia does, how can anyone—with a spark of manhood left—say a good word for it? A hundred years ago we could have said to immigrants who declared a disbelief in government: Wait until you have tried government of the people, by the people, for the people. You say you don't believe in government; very well; tell us why. We wish to learn all about government, so that we may change anything in ours that is not good. What we desire is to reach so high a plane of individual merit and self-reliance that we can get along with the least possible government. So tell us freely what your views are, and why you object to government. Our Constitution is so framed that no one shall refrain from speaking freely. We are a young nation, but we know that only evil can come of choking back the truth. And if you have lies to tell, why, we happen to know that the best way to expose them is to speak them right out so that everybody can hear them.

That might have been the way honest, law-abiding, order-loving Americans would have talked; but not so the Reds. This is no longer a country of free speech and free endeavor. It is no longer a country governed by the people. It is now governed by the Reds, some of whom call themselves the ruling class; some other call themselves captains of industry. But whatever they call themselves, they are always law-breakers, always Reds. And the two kinds of Reds play into each other's hands all the time. The captains of industry put up large sums of money to enable the ruling class to maintain themselves in office; and the ruling class use the army and navy and the courts to help the captains of industry to

defend themselves against the outraged people whom they have been robbing. And both of them all the time keep up a great cry about the sanctity of the law. The judge who owes his place on the bench to the captains of industry, gives an unjust decision to favor his patrons, but keeps up a solemn asseveration that the law-breaker is the enemy of the country. It is a favorite device of the fleeing thief to set up the cry of "Stop thief!" It distracts attention from himself. I would not dare to say such things about the judiciary, if it were not that when the Reds get to quarreling among themselves, they let these things out. The President said almost as much as I am saying now in his famous message of a short time ago; and one and another of the ruling class and of the captains of industry have said the same things. As for the people, they have known it for ever so long. The campaign expenses of the President were paid for out of the funds of insurance companies and corporations; legislatures are filled by men whose places are given them by the Reds, in order that they may make laws to suit them. And, of course, any law that suits a Red cannot be anything but injurious to the people. That the United States Senate is the stronghold of the Reds has been known these many years. And nothing could so well show the power of the Reds as the fact that, in spite of exposure after exposure, the men in the Senate go on delivering the stolen goods. How could two men be more utterly discredited than the two Senators from this State? And yet they remain in their places. For a little while they were shunned even by their fellow Senators, for the one thing a Red will not forgive is being found out. But even their resentment has now worn off, and the two Senators are as respectable as ever.

I could go on and rehearse thousands of iniquities committed by the Reds who are in control of the country; but what would be the use? It is enough that we all know that corruption and law-breaking begin at the top and continue on down to the very bottom of the governmental structure. We know that the Reds are looting the country as if they were pirates who had captured a rich prize and were trying to get the last bit of value out of her before scuttling her altogether. It would seem as if nothing could be worse than the condition which

now exists. The President has become an autocrat as well as a law-breaker; legislators look upon their places as mere opportunities to steal; judges value their high offices for the ability to prostitute them in the service of the Reds who place them there, and who eke out their big but inadequate salaries by excursions into the stock market under the guidance of a captain of industry, who insures them against loss. What Governors will do was well exemplified by those two Governors in the West who conspired to kidnap men accused of crime, of which they were afterwards proven innocent.

I do not wonder that there is such an outcry against the Reds. I am only surprised that the people will allow themselves to be misled into turning against the really worthy members of the community, when it is so obvious who the real Reds are. But I think it will not continue long. Indeed, I think that already the people at large are beginning to understand who the real Reds are. How can anybody be alive and not realize who the real enemies of the country are, who the real Reds?

For us who understand fully, there is nothing so efficacious as the quiet, peaceful campaign of education. We can point out how violence is done by those in power, and that the sporadic bomb is but the cry of pain uttered by some hapless wretch, who has no more intelligent means of expression. We can show how the self-government originally planned has been converted into autocratic government by designing persons seeking power and pelf. We can show that theft and murder and all other crimes are being daily committed by captains of industry. We can show that the courts are debauched and legislatures owned by the infamous gang of Reds who control the country. All these things are too flagrant to be hidden; and I sometimes think the perpetrators of the evil are so calloused, so hardened, so inured to crime that they no longer see it as it is, and scarcely have shame in its exposure. And why not? Who ever hears of one of the Reds being brought to justice? We learn of their crimes, and there is some feeble compliment to dying justice in the fact that horror is pretended; but we get no further along than that.

But I do truly believe that the time is not so far distant when there will be a revulison of feeling. I know

that if I were a Red I would now buy me a fine house in Russia, or in some other country yet in the depths of redness so that I might flee to it when the cataclysm of an outraged people threatened. In fact, if I were a Red, I would take the first steamer across the ocean, and carry with me all the loot I could.

* * *

## AN IMPRESSION OF ANATOLE FRANCE

By S. C.

IT was at the Russian concert last night that I caught my first glimpse of Anatole France. The concert was for the benefit of the multitude of Russian refugees now stranded in Paris. France was to speak, Vera Figner to read her poetry, and other Russian literary lights, unknown to me, were also on the programme.

He was concluding his address as we came in,—my friend and I. The place was filled to the doors, I could not see the platform for the crowd. I got up on a chair and saw a short man, with stooped shoulders, calm in manner. He was eulogizing the Russian heroine in beautiful French—that prose so rare and musical when it flows from the lips of a cultured native. Vera Figner succeeded him. Then came the others, each speaker's discourse longer than the preceding one, in a language I do not understand. I put my hand appealingly on my friend's arm and begged him to steal out with me for a few moments' rest and refreshment at a neighboring café. France had already disappeared from the platform.

The café was on the nearest boulevard. Typically French, with its leather-upholstered benches running along the sides of the entire room, the marble-topped tables, and the comfortable chairs placed vis-à-vis,—should you be eccentric enough to wish to face your companions,—and in the middle of the room the comfortable French matron, presiding on a raised platform with her desk in front, the waiters moving about in the unobtrusive way only French waiters know. In fine, the place where most Frenchmen take their ease, meet their friends, write, as comfortably secure as in the solitude of one's room.

We easily found a table, for the café was almost empty. "There he is!" I exclaimed. "Who?" asked my friend. "Why, Anatole France, don't you see him,—that gentleman with the gray beard, with the lady in black." "I wish I had the courage to request an interview," sighed my friend. "I'll ask him," I said, jumping up impulsively.

I walked over to where France and his companion were sitting, and, smiling, said gently, and, I must confess, somewhat timidly, in the best French I could muster:

"Monsieur France, a comrade wishes to speak with you—"

I got no further. Madame broke in,—she was glaring at me,—"M. France is very tired." I know from hearsay that she is his housekeeper and guards his quiet. It is said that many of the letters sent him never reach their destination, as Madame reads all of them first. Even in my anxiety to help my friend I was conscious of the hardship of her lot,—his comparative peace only at the price of her eternal vigilance.

He looked up. His is a sensitive, delicately modelled face, with a beautiful broad forehead and brilliant brown eyes. "I am tired,—" he began. "I am so sorry,"—I started to move away. Then I added, "M. France, this friend is a comrade from America, and he has been hoping for some message to take back with him to your friends and admirers there." He smiled—a rarely beautiful smile—and with true French gallantry said, "Mademoiselle is so charming, I can not refuse a request of hers."

I nodded to my friend. He came over. France invited him to sit opposite, making room for me at his side. He motioned to the waiter to bring the drinks we had already ordered.

Naturally, the conversation began on Russia. "Ah," he said, "it is unfortunate for the immediate outcome of the Russian revolution that Russia is not an industrial country—were she one the revolution could be accomplished in a few days. Her population, largely peasant, is composed of many different nationalities, and these are widely scattered. I myself would not hope much for its immediate accomplishment, but I think Tzarism is doomed, if only as a result of its financial condition. But Russia interests me tremendously. The struggle is so

representative, advanced. She has already done much for herself, and she has taught us."

Our talk—directed by the questions of my comrade—drifted into general social questions.

"Yes," France said, quietly and earnestly, "I'm a Socialist—in the largest sense of the word—its social sense. Politics seems a great waste to me. When Socialists enter the political arena, they are by necessity forced into close relations with active political parties, and must, to exist at all, conform in many respects. The result is that they become, as here in France, of very little account in the march of real social progress."

Then he turned to me in his graceful manner, his face lighting with sincere interest: "Mademoiselle is a Socialist also?"

"Yes," I replied, "in your sense, M. France—the large sense." And happy of the opportunity, I asked him my only leading question.

"Do you not believe that the greatest revolutionary means in our power to-day—in the power of the working classes—lies in the General Strike?"

"Il n'y a pas autre moyen," he responded energetically. "It is the greatest weapon we possess. Ah," and he shook his head slowly, "Marx's theories were written when conditions were so different. Everything has changed completely, and he was not a prophet. We need other means now, and everywhere one sees the futility of parliamentarism where social advancement is concerned. The General Strike," and he turned with characteristic courtesy to me, "as Mademoiselle has said, seems the best weapon of to-day. But if Socialism is best, it must come." And then he added, as if thinking aloud, "I think it will."

My friend introduced the Jewish question. France seemed rather surprised at that. "Why, we have no Jewish question; neither has England. I do not consider them as individuals apart. But if they feel that they belong to a different people, it seems to me two things are open to them: either to band together and establish a country of their own, or, as I believe best, to continue to be the vanguard of Internationalism. Let them work for that," he finished enthusiastically, "when that is accomplished, all national questions will have disappeared."

The light suddenly disappeared from his face; he looked old. Madame was becoming restless, so I rose.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," he said, with a grace that was not all gallantry, "the General Strike—it is a wonderful weapon, it fits to-day."

I tried to murmur my thanks. He took my hand and told me simply and sincerely that he was glad of the encounter, and smiled, almost tenderly I thought, at the younger comrade and the woman of a newer generation. Madame unbent sufficiently to pay me the customary compliment on my obviously bad French.

We went out into the cool, Spring night—my friend and I, no desire left to go back to the stifling, overcrowded hall. We did not speak. Each of us felt the upliftment of a rich experience: to encounter unexpectedly what is even greater than a great artist,—a great man.

* * *

## FREEDOM

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet*
*Turn never backward: hers no bloody glare;*
*Her light is calm, and innocent, and sweet,*
*And where it enters there is no despair:*
*Not first on palace and cathedral spire*
*Quivers and gleams that unconsuming fire;*
*While these stand black against her morning skies,*
*The peasant sees it leap from peak to peak*
*Along his hills; the craftsman's burning eyes*
*Own with cool tears its influence mother-meek:*
*It lights the poet's heart up like a star.*

# OPEN YOUR EYES!

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

WHEN, at the beginning of winter, the present industrial depression, following upon the great financial paroxysm of November, threw millions of people face to face with the problem of hunger and exposure, it was a foregone conclusion that protests, conscious and unconscious, would be made; that every degree of dissatisfaction, from the quiet reasoned argument of the social student to the blind act of murderous rebellion on the part of some desperate victim of "social order," would find expression. It was equally to be foreseen that those in power, whether as manipulators of the law or as directly entrusted with its execution, would rush into wild efforts of repression, persecution, vengeance. Their policy demands it, and their fear drives them beyond their policy. As the shivering, homeless wretch strikes a mad, blind blow, hitting out widly in the death-agony of his spirit, often injuring those who are least to blame, so, on the other hand, the ignorant official, frothing with rage and fright, clubs and shoots right and left, all the while fearing the ground will explode beneath his feet, and acting on the principle that it's "better to hang wrong f'ler 'n no f'ler."

Meanwhile those who understand their rôle a little better, moved less by fear and more by their determination to secure themselves in their possessions and positions, see in the restlessness, in the inarticulate protests of the suffering people, their opportunity to suppress, hinder, or silence their declared enemies, the social reformers, to raise the cry of "Mad Dog" and so divert the attention of the better-conditioned workers from their stricken fellows, and make them believe that it is the unions, the foreigners, the Socialists, and the Anarchists who are disturbing "public order"; when in truth they well understand that it is hunger and homelessness that are doing it. But hunger and homelessness they consider as inevitable, a part of the pitiless system of life; and that, while the sufferings of individuals are deplorable, in mass they are to be kept silent, obedient, respectful, helpless. "It is better," say they, "that men, women, and children die in thousands, than that property be sacrificed or law

ignored." And if any man dares say that hunger and destitution are not inevitable; that they are stupid, cruel, and criminal; that it is a greater wrong for a living creature to crawl away in some corner to die than to take the necessities for his existence from those who are holding them out of use; then that man is proclaimed as the disturber of "peace and order," and whatever wild action is committed by the desperate, is charged to him; his social-political creed becomes saddled with all the sins of the present system, and the mob howl "Crucify him."

Thus it was a foregone conclusion that when a shivering, starving, half-crazed man killed a priest in Denver recently, he would be called an Anarchist. When a cowardly Chief of Police in Chicago, frightened no doubt by the memory of his blows upon the heads of unarmed workingmen walking in peaceful demonstration, grappled in a spasm of terror, and killed, a slender youth whose purpose in calling upon him is not known, and never will be known now, it was to be certainly anticipated that the boy would be denounced as an Anarchist, and the cold-blooded murder of him justified by that one word. And Shippy is exonerated by laying that word across his victim's body, though by his own law he should have been tried for murder!

When a crowd of unemployed workers in Philadelphia spontaneously forsook the hall where Socialist and Anarchist speakers were trying to show them that the cure for their ills lay not in political patchwork, but in a reorganization of society on the basis of equal opportunity for all,—forsook hall and speakers, in their helplessness and desperation, to march to the City Hall and ask the politicians to give them work—truly a most stupid and hopeless petition, it was as certain as that they marched that they would be stopped by the police at the cost of any brutality necessary, and of much more than necessary even for that! It was sure that instead of the march being instanced as a witness of the terrible wrongs inflicted on these suffering people, it would be trumpeted wide and far as an effect of the speeches of the Anarchists; the misery of hungry men with hungry children's voices haunting them in the months-long weary tramp for work, and not finding it, would be brushed aside by the cry "foreigner," "Anarchist!"

When at the great unemployed demonstration organized by the Socialists in New York, after the people had been chased, hustled, pounded, ridden down by mounted police, told that the club was stronger than the Constitution, and had it demonstrated on their heads and shoulders,—when after this some one exploded a bomb, killing one man and wounding another who may or may not have been the bomb-thrower, it was as certain as that night follows day that the bomb would be charged to Anarchists, that Anarchist editors would be called on to explain, though they had nothing to do with the demonstration and were sitting quietly in their offices when it took place.

The policy is in brief this: Let us lay our sins on the foreigner and the Anarchist.

This being done, with much hue and cry (though not altogether successfully, for some people still inquire calmly and do their own thinking), the next move is to cry for stringent laws,—laws curtailing individual freedom more and more and correspondingly extending the powers of officials. Ignorant Americans, who preserve the letter of Americanism and kill the spirit, call for laws to prevent immigration, inquisitorial laws to discover men's political opinions, deportation laws to rid themselves of the terrible foreigner! And above all, laws to get rid of the Anarchists, the "assassins" and "bomb-throwers."

And all the while their system goes on relentlessly breeding assassination and outrage within, so that a gateless wall built round the shores of America as high as heaven could not keep it out. As for their new laws, they can make liars out of people, but cannot alter their convictions.

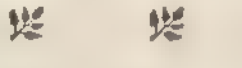
Conceive the idiocy of the present law against the admission of Anarchists. Whom can it keep out? People with international reputations, who are neither assassins nor bomb-throwers, but teachers of the doctrine of future social order through liberty. It can keep out a Rocker, a Turner, a Kropotkin, a Tolstoi,—men publicly known as opposers of government. But what can it do with the unknown man who declares he is not an Anarchist? It puts a premium on a lie, and that is all. But it can also work a great deal of harm to simple people who are not Anarchists, people who have endured great hardships to obtain the means to come here, and may be turned

back at the gate by the caprice of an official suffering from indigestion or the mania for Anarchist hunting. It can also create a great conspiracy-making secret police, who in default of bomb-throwers will throw bombs themselves and blame the Anarchists, in order to justify their jobs.

You who read this, do you really think the great problems of hunger and of injustice are ever going to be settled by these paltry persecutions? Do you think that the putting in prison of a few hundred individuals and the deportation of a thousand more is going to quiet the hunger of millions, give work to the unemployed, stop the accumulation of wealth in hands already overflowing, and divert it back to the great destitute masses? Surely you are not so foolish. You understand that if people are to be fed, they must be able to work; and if they are to be free to work at will, the means of work must be open to them; and if the land, the great source of all, is held out of use by means of legal sanction, property right, these means are not open; that the sole thing which lies between Man and Earth is his own stupid invention, existing in his mind only; that he has only to wipe that cobweb "Legal Sanction" out of his brain, and the whole horrible chimera of necessary destitution in the midst of plenty will vanish like a nightmare: only OPEN YOUR EYES.

It is not Anarchism but Law which preaches violence, Law which bids men die for fear of club, revolver, and bayonet. Anarchism means freedom, plenty, and peace.

OPEN YOUR EYES.



YOU do not realize that true strength lies in wisdom, and that the nations are great only in possessing it. You do not realize that that which makes the glory of a people is not the stupid clamor of the public places, but the august thought hidden in some attic which, one day spread abroad, will change the face of the world. You do not realize that they honor their country who for the sake of justice have suffered prison, exile, and outrage.

—*Anatole France.*

# SAWYER'S STRAWS

By ROLAND D. SAWYER.

"Straws show which way the wind is blowing."
—*Old Saying.*

THE police force of Philadelphia were sent out to round up the Anarchists, and straightway raided a Zionist religious meeting, a Socialist anniversary celebration of Karl Marx, and drove away a gathering of men out of work—all of which goes to show the splendid intelligence of our police.

* * *

ONE of the saddest blows that has fallen on New England in many a day was the great Chelsea fire, of April 12th, when the city was two-thirds destroyed. Twenty odd companies of militia were called in, and martial law declared, but after three days the citizens realized that martial law and militia were worse than the fire. I quote from a Boston daily: "The man was moving on as fast as he could, but a guard prodded him in the back with a bayonet, and the guard's superior officer, resplendent in gold lace, watched the performance, chuckling with glee at the civilian's discomfiture, and cried 'Give it to him; twist it, tear his clothes,' and his whole frame shook with laughter." This same newspaper reports that the companies recruited from the lower classes filled their pockets and coats with loot, while the companies from the Back Bay and aristocratic circles took such liberties with the better looking of the homeless women that the troops were called off on the fourth day.

This is one of the many experiences which proves the truth of what Shelley said: "Power, like a desolating pestillence, pollutes whate'r it touches."

We get along in ordinary circumstances with the thousands of petty laws and thousands of petty officials—because they are a dead letter; a sort of superstition which we have not outgrown, but which we still do not take much stock in. But the minute emergency comes and we try to make them work, there is confusion worse confounded. Take Galveston, for instance, during the disaster; it tried its police, its military, its courts, its gov-

ernment, and after all failed, the city appealed to the people to choose seven men to run things—which, of course, the people did. Chelsea has had the same experience and now appeals for a commission. I was reading the other night in Walt Whitman's "Wound Dresser"; Whitman was three years in the army hospital tents and attended over 100,000 sick soldiers. He wrote home at that time again and again, "We would be all right but for the rules, rules, rules, which prevent proper attention being shown to the wounded, and the petty authority of small officials which makes them so often harsh and unfeeling." Nothing has so damned humanity as the giving to some men authority over other men, and nothing has so cursed progress as the stifling of the natural goodness of the human soul by laws and rules.

I rode the other day on an electric car through a sparsely settled country. The motorman whizzed dangerously by a poor old woman, and then waited the car for her to come hobbling up to it. "Too bad," he said, as he watched her hobbling after, "but *the rules* won't let me stop only at white posts." Here was a man who wanted to be kind, but rules checked him, and rules and laws are always checking human goodness.

* * *

AFTER the Chelsea fire, when half the people were homeless, and other cities were sending in contributions, and hearts were bleeding—the landlords, who had houses standing vacant, immediately put up the rents. All of which goes to show, as Theodore Parker said, that the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent are God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost in this country. But, then, our civilization is built up on property, not on humanity; so what can we expect?

# SEARCHLIGHT VISTA

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

IT was a deep shadowy night. The river had no light to reflect, and the shore lines were hardly differentiated in color from the dark surface of the water. The river would have seemed motionless, if not for some occasional string of canal boats, a long dark streak spotted with tiny red lamps, noiselessly drifting down stream. On the banks now and then a train was rushing by, resembling some huge insect rapidly crawling. All one could discern was a row of bright yellow dots, a weird glow of light as the smoke floated across the fire-box, and a gray cloud trailing in long pennants, sometimes for a quarter of a mile or more, behind the train.

In the balcony of a cottage high on a cliff appeared the white vision of a figure. It was a mere blurred spot of no significance to the nocturnal wanderer at the shore below. Not unlike the part all of us play in the drama of mankind, so small, however important it may seem to us, that we are hardly noticed.

Just as the red peonies, bleeding to death upon the solitary lawn, tell their secrets of existence, this lonely woman, moved by some anguish, poured forth her innermost thoughts and sentiments into the silence of night. She was one of the sufferers from over-abundance of emotion, people who go through life with open hands ready to scatter the treasure of their souls. They may find a few people who appreciate their generous gifts, but hardly ever any who voluntarily return the kindness. The atmosphere in her room had been too oppressive, and she had opened the glass door and stepped out on the balcony overhanging the river, to look out on the expanse of water that stretched far below, to hold communion with nature and the river breeze, that had so often brushed the cobwebs out of her brain. There she stood in all her stately womanhood, clutching the railing, stretching forth her bare arms into the night, while the wind caressed her dark hair and her dainty laces fluttered.

She heard her husband snoring inside. She shivered at the sound. Not that she did not love him. She was fond of him, and appreciated his talent. Alas, he was one of those cold, self-centred natures, all wrapt up in himself

and his music, who received all signs of affection as a matter of fact and had nothing to return. To him love was no poem of passion; he sat down to it as to an evening meal. There were no memories of half-forgotten springs and mellow moons in his life.

Would she ever forget the night when she had cried for hours, and he finally awakened from his slumber, had asked her, tenderly as he knew how, for an explanation. Then she had confessed to him the emptiness of her life and he, deeply moved, had promised that he would try to change. If he had only stayed awake that night and made her believe in the truth of his promise; but he went to sleep again. That night she had jumped out of her bed and sought refuge on the balcony. Strange, that she had not dashed herself from the cliff to the river below. That night she did not realize fully what the experience meant to her. Now she knew it. That she was doomed to a life without passion, without tenderness, that her soft, misty maidenly qualities of her womanhood would never be understood, that certain parts of her body which she had wished to be kissed all her life would never be kissed. A laugh, half haughty, half ironic and yet more mournful than either, came to her lips.

A steamer was coming up the river. All the cabins were lit. She heard music, and for a moment—or did she only imagine—it seemed to her as if she heard the whisper of soft laughing voices. A fine place to make love, she mused. She found it a sweetly melancholy pleasure in imagining some one making boldest love to her there in a secluded corner of the boat, while sounds of music crept softly into her ears and gentle sea breezes fanned her feverish brow.

Then the searchlight began to play upon the nocturnal landscape illuminating some details, leaving the remainder in deep shadow. Weird, huge bars of light interrupted the darkness and flitted from shore to shore, breaking through the gloom with a silvery blue mist. And whenever it settled anywhere it revealed a beautiful spot, a fantastic cliff, a Chinese summer house at the edge of the water, a fountain, some open woodland where the cowbells tinkle, or an ivy-clad stone wall along the road, simple scenes of the river front that in the white glow seemed like a vista into fairyland.

They were familiar scenes to her, but she saw them in a new light this evening, like places of symbolic significance, she would like to reach in her life. Her whole activity was the expression of a great longing, the longing of a lonely woman for love. Her passionate life often went out to other men. And strange to say, the men she loved or imagined she loved, she always saw like moving statues deprived of their earthly garb, transported, as it were, to some realm where nothing had the heaviness of earth and everything was dissolved in poetical mist. She longed for new experiences, new sensations, but the respect for her white-haired father and her husband never allowed her to avail herself of any of the opportunities that crowded upon her path. Besides, she was so sensitive, that even the wrong color note of a flower could dispel all affection in her for the moment. And so she suffered and dreamt the strange dreams of a fever-born fancy, while a subtle fire seemed to run under her skin, threatening to consume her.

Those quiet nooks and corners in the white glow of the searchlight seemed to her fata morgana pictures, an enchanted world where she might find the rare pleasure she desired. No matter whether—by her violence of affection —every love experience would culminate in pain, it would prove more tolerable than this fruitless passion.

Would it never come to her! Did the ship sail to some island of Cythera, while she remained alone upon dull earth to gaze upon the happy shores for which no boat approached for her!

Suddenly the light that had crept busily along the shore, fluttered uncertainly about her white cottage and then centred upon her. As she stood there, bathed in the radiant light—a huge white night moth alighted on her shoulder at the very moment—she felt as if happiness had come to her at last. She was all air and fire. But it lasted like all great joys, only for a second, then the light in ghostly fashion continued its pilgrimage, lit up other places of beauty, and left her in darkness.

And yet it had a calming influence upon her, and as her eyes followed the meandering light, she felt a vague hope that some night she might, far away from the grey of every day life, reach in reality that strange and distant land where love sits enthroned in perfection and grace.

# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

## GERMANY.

The recent wholesale condemnations of Anarchists, designed by monarchic and capitalist "justice" to destroy the movement, have had just the opposite effect. A new, fresh spirit is permeating our comrades and is evidenced by a greater and more energetic activity. Moreover, the condemnations—especially that of Comrade Oestreich—have created great popular indignation and protests which will not pass away without good results. Scores of communications are daily reaching the office of *Der freie Arbeiter,* the correspondents bitterly condemning the sentences of our comrades and those instrumental in the persecutions.

Thus has class justice, with the aid of the police, lately been active for the good of our propaganda. It is the height of ignorance and absolute lack of experience on the part of certain circles which lull them in the fond hope that brutal violence can ever succeed in destroying the highest ideal of humanity.

Indeed, they may enlarge the roll of our martyrs. But the blood of the latter is the seed of the Church.

* * *

The most recent victim of Prussian justice is Emil Busch, condemned at Frankfort-on-Main to a year's imprisonment. He participated in a discussion at a meeting of unemployed, and has, it is alleged, insulted Chancellor Bülow; he was also charged with inciting to riot. The trial was conducted behind closed doors; evidently the government did not trust itself to submit its evidence to public criticism. Thus, safe in its star-chamber proceedings, "justice" pronounced our comrade guilty.

## ENGLAND.

The suffering of the unemployed is daily growing greater. The persecution on the part of the government only serves to aggravate the bitter feeling of the starving masses.

Four men associated with the unemployed agitation in Manchester were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment on the charge of conspiracy to destroy property. The case deserves notice. The facts are, briefly, these:

On Monday, March 16th, three days after the rejection of the Unemployed Bill, a group of unemployed men assembled in front of a large warehouse in Manchester. One of the group swung a bottle attached to a piece of string and broke a plate-glass window. The police arrested several of the men, three of whom—Batty, Brown, and Thompson—were remanded to the Sessions. A warrant was also issued for the arrest of Arthur Smith, who had formerly acted as leader of the unemployed, and in whose house a meeting of unemployed had taken place on the previous day. Smith had meanwhile returned to Newcastle, where he has been engaged in business for some time. All four men were brought up on the charge of conspiracy to wilfully damage property. Smith admitted hearing the men suggest the use of bombs, the kidnapping of an alderman, the breaking of windows, and other means of arousing public attention to their plight. He emphatically declared, however, that "loot" was never suggested, unless, perhaps, by the man whom the police had brought forward as witness. Batty, in a forcible speech, acknowledged that these statements were true, and boldly justified the policy of breaking windows. He exclaimed passionately against the wrong of the present system, and declared his willingness to go to jail in order to protest against the treatment of the unemployed. Thompson, quite a young man, made a similar declaration.

In the end the men were convicted and sentenced to twelve months.

* * *

Comrade McAra was recently treated to a dose of the official justice of Great Britain, administered at Belfast.

He had but recently gone there in search of work, and his activity as a speaker and seller of literature being well known, it is not surprising that he soon commenced his meetings. The Belfast crowd, which is noted for its "loyalty," gave him a fair hearing, and even subscribed 6s. for him to obtain literature to sell the following week. Events in Lisbon induced him on the next Sunday to refer to what everyone knows to be a fact: that the King of Portugal had been assassinated (not by Anarchists) through his own folly, and that if a king is fool enough to try to govern as he did, by robbing the Exchequer and

crushing all liberty, then he must be content to live as the Tsar does—imprisoned in a palace and out of the reach of the people.

McAra pointed out that even King Edward would not be safe if he attempted to act as did Don Carlos, and every one knew that his immunity from attack was not due to the "vigilance" of Scotland Yard, but to the fact that he had never attempted to interfere with the liberties of the English people. All this was well received by the crowd, which, as McAra pointed out in his defence, being so "loyal," would have resented any violent attack on royalty. He was, however, arrested and charged on the evidence of a police official with having said that "he was prepared to do for King Edward what had been done for Carlos in Lisbon."

Having no friends and no means of defence in Belfast, the police evidence was accepted before McAra's own statement, and he was ordered to find two sureties of £20 each or to go to prison for three months. He is now serving his sentence, as it is impossible to obtain sureties in Belfast.

* * *

A happy sign of the times is the steady growth of the idea of industrial organization. Its advocates have formed a strong labor body, and are now publishing in London a weekly, called *The Industrial Unionist.*

The healthy spirit of the new organ is well characterized by the following excerpt from its first issue:

"The present time marks an epoch of vital importance in the Socialist movement. In France, Italy, Germany, America, and in this country the revolutionary working class stands at the parting of the ways. It has to choose between two methods of organization and two tactics: the first, pure and simple parliamentary Socialism or 'laborism,' with its economic basis in craft unionism; the second, industrial unionism, which marshals the workers to carry on the daily struggle in the workshop, mine, and factory in the most efficient manner, and organizes and disciplines them so that as soon as they have the necessary strength they may overthrow capitalism with its reflex, the State, and take and hold the instruments of production on behalf of the working class."

All communications to *The Industrial Unionist* should be addressed: E. J. B. Allen, 25, Queensdale Road, Notting Hill, London, W.

## FRANCE.

All persons imprisoned in connection with the wine growers' riots in southern France have been amnestied by Parliament, at the suggestion of the government. Anti-militarists, syndicalists, and Anarchists, however, are excepted from the operations of the amnesty. The prisoners in the South, implicated in the recent riots, are members of the bourgeoisie; hence the clemency of the bourgeois Parliament.

* * *

Comrades Roussel, Roux, and Kuhn have been arrested in Paris on the charge of having in their possession explosives. They are being detained for preliminary examination.

## SWITZERLAND.

During last year's tailor strike in Davos, several bombs were exploded with the object of terrifying strike-breakers; no one, however, was seriously injured.

After many months of "investigation," the courts have now announced their findings against those allegedly responsible for the explosions. Johann Pühringer, an Austrian comrade, was *in contumaciam* condemned, as the alleged leader, to ten years and four months. Comrade Otto Döppler, of Bavaria, received two years and seven months. Less fortunate than Pühringer, who left the country before his trial, Comrade Döppler will have to "enjoy" the paternal care of Switzerland for many long months. Comrades Meier, Möller, Wiedemann, and Madjensen, who assisted Pühringer's flight, have been sentenced to periods ranging from sixteen weeks to four months.

## ITALY.

On the occasion of the burial of a popular unionist, killed in the performance of his work, the toilers of Rome, following the hearse, collided with the authorities. A riot occurred, in which the police killed two workingmen and wounded a score of others. In protest against the brutality of the police, organized labor of Rome replied with a General Strike. The workingmen throughout the country im-

mediately declared themselves ready to join their brothers in a sympathetic strike. But the labor leaders and Socialist politicians, fearing their Banquo's ghost, hastened to advise labor against a national General Strike. Thus the strike of Rome came to an end after two days, not, however, without having produced a certain moral effect. The Mayor of the city was forced to lower the flag in honor of the fallen victims of governmental violence.

The Italian workingmen have thus taught international labor a lesson as to the tremendous power of labor when consciously solidaric. America might well profit by this example.

## PORTUGAL.

People who still believe that parliamentary government represents the will of the majority could learn a salutary lesson from the last campaign in this country. In spite of the well-known fact that the Republicans are in the great majority, the Monarchists have carried the elections. The device was quite simple: the Republicans were counted out.

* * *

The population of Lisbon has fitly honored the memory of Buica and Costa, who had lost their lives during the assassination of King Carlos. A tremendous demonstration took place at the graves of the martyrs; eighty thousand persons participated in paying the last tribute to the fallen.

The monarchical politicians are terrified at this evidence of a growing revolutionary spirit: the latter has also found conscious expression in the determination to support and educate the children of Buica and Costa, for which purpose twenty-five thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

## RUSSIA.

From St. Petersburg comes the welcome report that the famous Marie Spiridonova, who was condemned to death for executing the Vice-Governor of Tamboff, Lujenovski, but whose death sentence was commuted to hard labor in Siberia, has succeeded in escaping from prison at the beginning of March, and has hitherto not been recaptured. According to information received by the Police Department in St. Petersburg, her disappearance was accomplished in a most mysterious manner, but there are reasons

to believe that she left the prison disguised as a man. The escape must have been effected from the Maltzeff prison, whereto Spiridonova with other women political prisoners had been transferred from the Akatui prison.

* * *

Reaction does not abate. From various cities reports reach us as to executions of revolutionists.

According to the industrial reports, there were on the 1st of January, 1908, 74,275 persons in exile. The treatment of prisoners is outrageous, and the death percentage extremely high. The prisons are overcrowded, and life in them is unbearable. An idea of the terrible conditions can be gained from the fact that the prisons, having a capacity of about 100,000, are now filled with over 160,000 unfortunates.

* * *

Comrade I. Vetrov, of Paris, has issued an urgent appeal to all liberty-loving persons to aid the fifty-three political prisoners now awaiting "trial" at Warsaw. It is quite certain that every one of those under arrest is to be sentenced to Siberia, and a fund is now being organized in order to supply these victims of Tsarism with a few dollars each for necessary expenses *en route*. Every sympathizer of Russian liberty is appealed to for immediate aid. Contributions for this purpose should be sent to I. Vetrov, 10, Avenue Reille, Paris, or to MOTHER EARTH.

## JAPAN.

A Japanese comrade writes:

"In our country, where even the use of the word Anarchy means a fine or imprisonment, we could not, of course, have a public organization and a written list of our comrades' names. And our movements were compelled to be always under the disguise of "Socialist" in a broad sense, or carried on very secretly for the sake of getting rid of the spies and detectives. Hoping earnestly, however, to join the Anarchist International, and to hold regular communication and relations with the comrades of the world, we are arranging to have a group formally and to newly unite the comrades throughout the country, in spite of the severe persecutions of the government.

"In Japan there are three direct actionist papers: *Nip-*

*pon Heimin Shimbun* (Japanese Proletarians' Paper), *Kumamoto Hyoron* (Kumamoto City Review), and *Shin-Shicho* (New Thought). *Nippon Heimin* is a semi-monthly published in Osaka, and has a circulation of about two thousand. The present writer is one of the editors of that paper. Two editors of *Nippon Heimin* are under trial at the Osaka Appeal Court for inciting a strike of the boat employees.

"The resolutions passed at the Amsterdam Congress were translated and published in *Nippon Heimin*. The translation of "The Conquest of Bread" is also appearing in long instalments in each issue of the same journal.

"Six comrades—Sakai, Yamakawa, Osugi, Morioka, Takeuchi, and Sakamoto—were arrested in Tokio on Friday evening, January 17. Since last summer they have been holding lecture meetings every Friday night, and advocating always direct action and the General Strike among a hundred workers and students. The police soon began to interfere, and the meetings were often dispersed without any reason being given. On the above-mentioned night the meeting was dispersed several times. At last the comrades protested, and a quarrel followed. Three comrades, expelled from the hall, stood upon the roof and spoke to the people, who crowded the street and vehemently applauded their preaching. Many policemen were summoned, and they violently dragged our six comrades into the police station. The people struggled in vain to prevent the arrest, and some were wounded. The comrades were charged with breaking the peace, three of them being sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, the others to one month.

"Comrade Matsuoka was sentenced to one month's imprisonment on January 21 for publishing in the *Kumamoto Review* an anti-militarist article entitled 'To the New Conscripts.' Anti-militarist ideas are spreading rapidly among the young students."

## GUATEMALA.

An attempt upon the life of President E. Cabrera has miscarried.

Five cadets at the Polytechnic Institute have sacrificed their lives as a result of their attempt to assassinate the President at Guatemala City. The cadets had been se-

lected to act as a guard of honor during the return of the new American Minister, Major William Heimke, and were charged with having opened fire as the President entered the palace. The Executive was wounded.

Guards overpowered the cadets, and in a few minutes' time they were taken out and put to death. Two of the members of the presidential party were seriously wounded during the shooting.

President Cabrera announced the next day that he had caused eighteen persons who had conspired against him to be shot to death, and that he expected to order further executions.

This announcement was made to the members of the Diplomatic Corps, to whom the President presented a lengthy statement relative to the attempt on his life. This attempt to kill him, he said, was the outgrowth of an extensive conspiracy. He further claims that among those who were doomed were men who were imprisoned a year ago, having been implicated at that time in a plot to assassinate the President. These men were sentenced to death soon after their arrest, but the sentence had not been carried out.

## MEXICO.

Our Cuban comrades are organizing a monster protest against the outrageous conditions in this country.

We take pleasure in bringing before the American public the following appeal, sent to us by the Cuban committee:

"The barbaric tyranny suffered by the Mexican people, the deportations, murders, and legal brutalities of the powers that be, cannot fail to attract the attention of all fair-minded people. We, the proletarians of Cuba, feel it our duty to acquaint the world with the crimes committed against liberty and humanity by Porfirio Diaz. We call upon all workingmen to voice their solidarity with the oppressed of Mexico, and to take steps to end the brutal reaction in that unfortunate country.

"The lovers of liberty in and outside of Mexico have been made the victims of Diaz's revenge, as soon as their championing of freedom began to bear fruit. The press also has been muzzled, and every attempt made to stifle the least expression of labor's aspirations and man's digni-

ty. In spite of all persecution, however, and in spite of the resurrected Mexican Torquemada and Thiers, we have pledged our lives in the cause of the grand ideal—Liberty.

"As the voice of Labor's protest was raised against the outrages at Montjuich, against the inhuman hangmen of Alcala del Valle, so must it now thunder against the tyrants of Mexico, and may its echo reverberate in unmistakable tones throughout the world!"

## TO THE COMRADES

THE Anarchist Federation of New York has just published Leaflet Number 3, called "Down with the Anarchists!" The pamphlet, written in a popular and concise style, is specially designed to appeal to the understanding of the average citizen and will no doubt result in considerable propaganda.

It is time our comrades at large should realize the transcending importance of the English propaganda in an English-speaking country. *Now* is the time to bring our ideas before the people, and the leaflet is the best means of reaching the masses.

The Federation is bending all its efforts towards popularizing Anarchism in this country. To those interested in its work we hereby appeal for immediate financial assistance to enable us to publish 100,000 copies of the leaflet "Down with the Anarchists."

So far the following contributions have been received for the above purpose:

| | |
|---|---|
| M. Gilman | $1.00 |
| Miss Borofsky | 1.00 |
| S. Horwitz | 1.00 |
| S. Elephant | 1.00 |
| D. Shinsky | 1.00 |
| S. Yaffe | 1.00 |
| S. Seligman | 1.00 |
| B. Baker | .50 |
| H. Shinsky | .50 |
| S. Levin | .50 |
| A. Rome | .50 |
| Philip Gesh | .50 |

| | |
|---|---|
| H. Greenberg | .30 |
| Goldberg | .25 |
| J. Gordon | .25 |
| S. Gordon | .25 |
| Julius Gordon | .25 |
| Total | $10.80 |

Money and communications to be addressed to

ALEXANDER BERKMAN,

210 E. 13th St., New York.

## MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

*Receipts.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Grohowsky, Scotia, Calif | $1.00 |
| Per J. Taleisnik, Brooklyn, N. Y | 1.05 |
| M. Kraemer, Winnipeg, Can | 1.00 |
| T. Takahashi, Greenwich, Conn | .50 |
| Italian Group, Paterson, N. J | 1.00 |
| A. Lott, New York | 1.00 |
| A. B. Lectures at Brockton, Mass | 10.00 |
| " " " Lawrence, Mass | 4.00 |
| " " " Lynn, Mass | 15.00 |
| " Collection from Lynn Comrades | 6.20 |
| " Lectures at Montreal, Can | 10.00 |
| " Social at Toronto, Can | 14.00 |
| " Collection from Toronto Group | 6.85 |
| F. Wilhelm, Chicago, Ill | 40.00 |
| Fresco Painters' Union, Chicago | 10.00 |
| Edelstadt Group, Chicago | 40.00 |
| E. G. Lectures at Milwaukee, Wis | 74.30 |
| " " " Springfield, Mo | 18.00 |
| " " " St. Louis, Mo | 47.80 |
| " " " Winnipeg, Can | 131.00 |
| " " " Minneapolis, Min | 195.00 |
| | $627.70 |
| Subscriptions, March and April | 120.10 |
| Total Receipts | $747.80 |

*Expenditures.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Deficit, as per March account | $299.87 |
| A. B. expenses, Massachusetts tour | 28.75 |
| A. B. expenses, Canada tour | 23.80 |
| E. G. tour expenses: Chicago, Milwaukee, Springfield, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Winnipeg | 125.00 |
| Cost and office expenses, March and April MOTHER EARTH | 614.00 |
| Incidentals | 7.25 |
| Total Expenditures | $1,098.67 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total expenditures | $1,098.67 | |
| Total receipts | 747.80 | |
| Deficit | | $350.87 |

* * *

## NOTE.

**We wish to inform our friends that we have but a very limited number of copies of the first two volumes of MOTHER EARTH. The sets are handsomely bound and will prove a valuable addition to one's library. Those wishing to secure a copy will please order at once. Price, $2.00 per volume.**

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LABOR HISTORY OF THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT. Benjamin McKie Rastall. University of Wisconsin.

THE LABOR CONTRACT FROM INDIVIDUAL TO COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Margaret Anna Schaffner. University of Wisconsin.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY. Edwin C. Walker. Published by the author, 244 W. 143rd Street, New York.

MAKING OF REVOLUTION. John Russell Coryell. The Corwill Publishing Co., New York.

THE RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR DISTINGUISHED. Theodore Schroeder. The Arena, Trenton, N. J.

THE TECHNIC OF ENGLISH. Oscar Schleif, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONGRES ANARCHISTE. Compte-Rendu Analytique des Séances et Résumé des Rapports. M. Delesalle. La Publication Sociale, Paris.

DIE ANARCHIE: Ihre Verkünder, Ihre Ideen, Ihre Thaten. Hektor Zoccoli, 1, 2, 3, Mass and Van Suchtelen, Leipzig.

A CONDITION in which a man says things of which he has no conscious knowledge, in which thought is produced without being called and regulated by the will, now exposes him to be shut up as a lunatic. Formerly, this was called prophecy and inspiration. The finest things in the world are done in a state of fever; every eminent creation involves a destruction of equilibrium, a violent condition for the being who produces it.

—*Ernest Renan,* in "The Life of Jesus."

* * *

"THE party of order" has always been the same. Thinking that the final word of government is to check popular emotions, it believes that it is doing an act of patriotism when it prevents by judicial murder the tumultuous effusion of blood. Little thoughtful of the future, it dreams not that, by declaring war against all progress, it runs the risk of wounding the idea which is destined, some day, to triumph.

—*Ernest Renan,* in "The Life of Jesus."

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